

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

DICK SAYS HE'S JEALOUS

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"Was your business successful?" I asked Dick when we got home from Ellene's.

"What business?" was Dick's surprised question.

"Why, the business that took you away this evening."

Dick, who had been moody all the way home, looked nonplussed for a moment, and then answered in a rather forced manner, "Yes, very successful."

"Have you seen Eleanor Fairlow lately?" I asked, more to make conversation than anything else, for Dick had only answered my question.

Dick looked at me rather queerly and then countered, "No, have you?"

"I have not seen her since I left the hospital. I think I'll call her up tomorrow and ask her to spend her next time off with us."

Dick grunted, and then he turned around and put his arms around me. "I wish I could have been with you tonight," he said rather wistfully. "You are certainly the dearest woman I have ever known. Do you know, Margie, it gave me a little twinge to see you dancing so happily even with old Jim. You were much the best looking woman at Ellene's tonight, and as I watched you with Jim, I could not help thinking that he was perhaps more suited to you than I."

"Don't say that, Dick. No one is more suited to me than you. Why, dear, don't you realize that we have been married five years?"

"Long enough for you to get used to my rough ways or tired of them."

"Your ways are not rough, Dick. You're thoughtless at times, and you don't always try to put yourself in my mood or to understand."

"No man does, I guess," he answered.

"Let me tell you something, Dick—

something that I have learned in the last five years as your wife."

"What have you learned, dear, something terrible I presume about men in general and me in particular."

"No, dear, I have not learned any more about you than I have about myself, but I have found out in my five years of married life that most men who are married to good women—women who from a sense of their husband's honor or respect for themselves decline to accept any attention from men other than their husbands, are supposed by those same husbands to be devoid of the natural inclinations which make the society of men the most interesting society in the world to women."

"But, my dear Margie, don't you have a good time with your own sex? Men can have the bulleest time possible with each other."

"Yes, of course I can, but I don't want to flock with women all the time. I'd like to ask you if, when you are out with the boys, as you call it, there is ever a time that some reference to women does not enter into the conversation, and if you always feel that you must forego the society of other women because you have a wife at home?"

"Why, my dear, at Ellene's tonight that uncle of Harry's, who is 60 if he is a day, and who has a comfortable middle-aged wife and two grown up children, recounted with great glee that the day before he had taken a 20-year-old girl, a friend of his daughter, to luncheon, and how every one of his pals came up to be introduced to her."

"Oh, Margie, why not let the old guy have a good time? It was probably perfectly innocent and he would go home to his wife with a smile instead of a frown."

"That's all right, dear, I know it is